THE CENSUS OF 1790.

United States Population Then Was Less Than 4,000,000.

When the first census of the United States was taken in 1790, there were 46 states and the southwest and northwest territories. The returns fixed the population at 3,929,214, while those of 1900 give over 76,000,000, a fourteenfold growth in 110 years.

In the first census nothing was sought but the number of inhabitants, and the task was assigned to United States marshals, who performed the work for several censuses. In the census library is a record of the first census, which shows that the census of 1790 was ordered in March and completed by October, 1791, a very creditable showing when the difficulty of communication is considered. The population was divided into five classes—free white males of 16 years and upward, including heads of families; free white females, including heads of families; free white males under 16 years, other persons, slaves. Fourteen enumeration districts were mapped out of the 16 states and the population of the towns, counties and states given. All of the states except Maine and Massachusetts had slaves. Virginia led with a population of 747,610 whites and 292,000 slaves. North Carolina was second with 393,751 whites and 100,000 slaves. Maryland had a population of 422,756, of which 103,036 were slaves. The slave population of the northern states is given as follows:

New Hampshire, 158; Rhode Island, 948; Connecticut, 2,764; New York, 21,324; New Jersey, 11,423; Pennsylvania, 3,237; Delaware, 8,887; Vermont, 16.

The population of the southwest territory was 35,691 whites and 3,417 slaves.

The record is full of errors in calculation and addition, but is [illegible] showing how the population has creased and how the art of census taking has developed with the population.—Baltimore Sun.

A BOY AND A RIFLE.

And the Trick the Father Played to Make the Youngster Careful.

Exact statistics on the subject are lacking, but it is certain that the man who "didn't know it was loaded" kills and maims annually a great many persons. The only safe rule with a gun is never under any circumstances to point it at anybody. One should always act on the assumption that it is loaded. Unfortunately, though, an average human being learns only by experience, and where a gun is concerned that often entails an awful price.

Bearing this in mind a veteran sportsman of this city adopted a unique method of impressing this lesson on his son. This is how he told the story:

"I want my son to be a sportsman, so that when he gets to be as old as his father he may have as many pleasant memories to look back to. Therefore, on his sixteenth birthday I gave him a rifle. And instead of reading him a long lecture on the necessity of handling the weapon carefully, I put up a job on him that would be far more effective. After he had spent a couple of hours fondling it and cleaning it and examining the mechanism, after the manner of healthy boys, I contrived unknown to him to slip a blank cartridge into the breach.

"Then I called him out into the yard and holding my hat in front of me, asked him to show me how he would take aim at it. There was an explosion, and he fell in a dead faint. You may think it mean of me, but I allowed him to think that only the badness of his aim or some intervention of Providence saved me from death. The lesson he learned will last him through life, because a terrible fright accompanied it. Some day when he gets old enough to have a boy of his own, I shall tell him of the trick I played on him."—New York Herald.

So It Was.

"Mamma, come quick! The catsup on the shelf."

"Drat that cat! I'll make fiddle strings of her in no time if I lay my hands on her! She's forever into something," and the enraged materfamilias vigorously pounded her way into the pantry.

"Where is she, Tommy? I don't see her."

"See who?"

"Why, you said the cat was on the shelf."

"I never said there was a cat on the shelf."

"Yes, you did. You said, 'The's cat's up on the shelf.'"

"So I did, and I say it yet. The catsup on the shelf right before your eyes. Don't you see it? There in that old wine bottle," and he quietly but very swiftly dodged out into the kitchen.—Pearson's Weekly.

Side Tracking the Sleuths.

First Burglar (in kitchen)—Wouldn't I sail into that grub if I wasn't under treatment fer me dyspepsy!

Second Burglar—That's just why you'd orter do it, Bill. All the detectives knows about your dyspepsy, and if we clean out the provisions they'll never suspect you of bein in this job.—Harlem Life.

With Emphasis.

"Say, Joe," remarked Stroller, who was anxious for a jaunt, "what do you say to a tramp after dinner?"

"Generally," replied Joe Kose, "I say, 'Get out, or I'll turn the dog on to you.'"—Philadelphia Record.

If the poor people did but know how little some millionaires enjoy their wealth, there would be less envy in the world.—Chicago News.

When you sell an article by weight, remember that other people have scales.—Atchison Globe.

CHINAMAN AT A TELEPHONE

Celestial Gets the Worth of His Money Every Time.

"A Chinaman at the telephone is a funny thing," remarked a long distance telephone operator in the Denver News a few days ago. "You see, it is impossible to tell whether one person or half a dozen are talking, and we often become mixed up in listening to them. When one is speaking, it seems as if half a dozen are talking, and we often imagine the wires are out of order. To make matters worse the Chinese delight in talking as fast as possible, and we never know whether the Chinaman at this end of the wire is talking or if it is the one at the other end. After the conversation is ended the Chink walks out of the booth with a self satisfied smile on his face and pays for a three minutes' talk. We have lately discovered that he invariably says as much during that time as could have been said by a white man in fifteen minutes."

To be sure, the telephone company is not really "out" anything by the transaction, as it is paid by the minute; but, nevertheless, in the case of Chinamen, the company would be the gainer by charging for volume instead of time. A Chinaman always begins his talk in pidgin English. He says: "Hello. Is this Sam Ling. I bettee you don't know—yi hi ki yi he yay bo benno ne," and so on, and it sounds on the wires as if several persons were at work.

Switched the Train.

A certain judge is much given to meditating upon his work while walking along the street, and his acquaintances and friends recognize [illegible] of abstraction, pass him by [illegible] and never mind if he does not appear to notice the salutation. A little [illegible] newsboy not familiar with [illegible] of the judge accosted him one day with persistent appeals:

"Buy the mornin' news, boss. Have a paper, boss."

The judge waved the tiny mite of humanity aside and went on abstractedly, his mind engrossed with the case that was to come up that day in the court to which he was on the way. The dusky newsboy was not easily evaded, and he kept pace with the judge, shouting his paper cry at frequent intervals. At last the judge stopped and, grabbing his youthful tormentor by the shoulder, he said in his most severe manner:

"How dare you interrupt me when I am following out a line of argument? Don't you ever speak to me when I am pursuing a train of thought."

The small boy looked up in surprise and said in a most apologetic tone:

"Befor' de Lord, massa, I didn't know you was tryin' to cotch a train. Excus' me."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Nose.

Nothing is more rare than a really perfect nose—that is, one which unites harmony of form, correctness of proportion and proper affinity with the other features.

The following are, according to the rules of art, the conditions requisite to the beauty of this organ:

The nose should have the same length as the forehead and have a slight depression at its root. From its root to its extremity it should follow a perfectly straight line and come exactly over the center of the upper lip. The bridge of the nose, parallel on both sides, should be a little wider in the center. The tip should be neither too thin nor too fleshy, and its lower outline neither narrow nor too wide. The lobes must be gracefully defined by a slight depression. Seen sideways, the lower part of the nose will have but a third of its total length.

His One Regret.

A fare was being rattled through a Dublin suburb on a rickety jaunting car drawn by a no less rickety horse. Having proceeded some distance, the horse, owing to apparent old age and sheer exhaustion, fell, never to rise again. The fare was very profuse in his sympathies toward the driver, who, however, appeared to take the whole thing very coolly and explained:

"It's just like this with me, your honor. I don't regret the old brute a bit. He was bad from the start. But, somehow or other, I can't help thinking of the beautiful feed of oats I gave him this morning."

The Power of a Tip.

Experienced Traveler (at railway restaurant)—When did that man at the other table give his order?

Waiter—'Bout ten minutes ago, sir.

"What did he order?"

"Beefsteak and potatoes, sir."

"How much did he tip you?"

"Sixpence, sir."

"Well, here's a shilling. Cook him another steak and bring me his."

"Yes, sir."—London Telegraph.

Too Much Like Work.

"It's terrible to be sleepy so much of the time," said Meandering Mike.

"Why don't you go to sleep?" rejoined Plodding Pete. "You might as well."

"Dat's where you're wrong. If dere is anyt'ing I dreads, it's goin' to sleep. I might dream I was workin'."—Washington Star.

Irene's Opportunity.

Willie—What makes you come to our house so often, Mr. Hankinson? Do you want to marry our Irene?

Miss Irene (taken by surprise, but realizing with rare presence of mind that Mr. Hankinson has to say something now)—Willie, you impertinent boy, leave the room!

Usually the opportunities that come to a man are those that knock on his door on a cold morning and he has to go out in his bare feet and coax in.—Atchison Globe.

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[Chancery A.—227.]

SHERIFF'S SALE—In Chancery of New Jersey.—Between the Bloomfield Savings Institution, complainant, and Lawrence E. Blake et al., defendants.—Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the courthouse in Newark, on Tuesday, the first day of December next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, beginning in the westerly line of Glenwood avenue at a point therein distant northerly twenty-five and one-hundredths feet from the corner formed by the intersection of the said westerly line of Glenwood avenue with the northerly line of Llewellyn avenue; thence (1) southerly along the westerly line of Glenwood avenue twenty-five and one-hundredths feet to the northerly line of Llewellyn avenue; thence (2) westerly along the northerly line of said avenue one hundred feet; thence (3) northerly and parallel with the first course twenty-five feet; thence (4) easterly one hundred and forty-three hundredths feet to Glenwood avenue, west line and place of beginning, being lot number one on a map of the People's Park.

Newark, N. J., October 26, 1903.

WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.

Edward Oakes, Sol'r. ($9.00.)

August 11, 1903.

ESTATE OF CLARA A. P. JOHNSON, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of JOSEPH W. ELLOR, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned administrators of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

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ROSCOE R. JOHNSON.

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Santa Claus and Hahne & Co. are synonymous, for to think of one is to remember the other.

For nearly half a century that jolly old soul, Santa Claus, Kris Kringle, St. Nicholas, or whatever other name by which he is called, has paid yearly visits to Newark, and always made Hahne & Co.'s Store his headquarters.

For many months Hahne & Co. had been anticipating this visit of Santa Claus and were accordingly prepared to receive him and the beautiful and appropriate presents he has brought for the old-time boys and girls, as well as those of the present day.

Christmas is the children's day, and is to them the happiest and merriest of the whole year. To the poor as well as the rich, Christmas is in truth the children's feast day, and presents mean as much to the child of the humble day toiler as to that of the millionaire. It was a little Child that established Christmas for all time.

Whoever is able and fails to make his or her child a present of some kind on this day is to be pitied for lack of that love which even the lowest order of animal bestows upon its offspring. Where there are no children there must be some one to whom a gift will bring happiness.

No excuse for any one to say they cannot afford a present for some one else when thousands of acceptable gifts are displayed by HAHNE & CO., at prices as low as one cent; and nowhere else in Newark, and perhaps in this broad land, is there so varied an aggregation of suitable presents to be found.

And there is so much to be seen at HAHNE & CO.'S, so much to entertain the visitor. A "real live" Santa Claus appears to the children every day, and to those accompanied by adults he gives some token of his love. He will also show them his workshop where he makes his toys.

When any one feels tired of roaming through the immense store he or she can sit in most comfortable chairs and listen to delightful music by orchestrions and music boxes, or hear the finest Talking Machines sing, play on musical instruments and recite pleasing monologues. If baby gets restless there is a nursery on the Mezzanine Floor on the uptown side of the store, where the little one can be soothed and cared for. If mamma and the children get hungry they can refresh themselves at the Dairy Lunch Counter or in the Restaurant. Papa can step down to the Smoking Room and enjoy one of our fragrant cigars.

HAHNE & CO.'S splendid collection of oil paintings, water colors, etchings and other fine pictures are on free view in the gallery adjoining the Amusement Hall. And, by the way, the children should see the Toy and Doll Merry-go-round in the Amusement Hall.

Is there a grandfather or grandmother in the household? Presents that are certain to please them are here. Did a baby arrive since last Christmas? Hahne & Co. have loads of presents for the little Mother has worked so hard and been so kind and patient all the year that she is entitled to a nice present. There is a multitude of things from which to choose that present.

Father works early and late to keep the roof over the heads of the family; plenty of choice for him at Hahne & Co.'s.

The pastor is thankful for anything his people give him. Go to Hahne & Co.'s and get him something worth having. It won't cost much.

Fancy Furniture, Art Ware, Cut Glass, Lamps, Books, Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Pins and a mammoth assortment of everything else in the way of sensible and useful presents are shown in HAHNE & CO.'S store.

If it be for one person, or for one hundred thousand persons, that gifts are desired, the articles to please them are at HAHNE & CO.'S store.

Sunday or day scholars, boys or girls in charitable institutions, relatives and friends of everybody have presents in HAHNE & CO.'S store. No need to shop elsewhere for Christmas things, for all that can be desired is here.

If you have many presents to buy, ask any clerk for a Transfer Card upon entering the store, and you can go from counter to counter and select your presents and make but one payment. This system saves the purchaser much time in waiting for change.

In the matter of books HAHNE & CO. have everything worth reading. Their book department space would more than contain all the rest of the books on sale elsewhere in Newark.

If any of the children feel like writing to Santa Claus, he will be glad to hear from them, and will certainly answer their letters, provided the names and addresses of the senders are plainly written.

Some idea of the immensity of HAHNE & CO.'S store may be derived from the fact that every department is a complete store in itself; the whole making a bigger display than that of the next three largest stores in the State combined.

The decorations in HAHNE & CO.'S store this year will eclipse those of any previous year. The first section of the Grand Court will represent the Silver Bell, Portal of the Genii, "Richalfaug's" palace. The second section will present Santa Claus's dream the night before Christmas, after the old chap has finished the distribution of presents. The illumination of the entire court, with its 4,000 lights, will be the most magnificent Yule-tide spectacle ever seen in any store in the world.

No New York store presents a greater variety or touches the pocket so lightly as HAHNE & CO.'S.

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